

Original vol 15

TAFFY's Triumph:

OR

A New Translation

OF THE

Cambro - muo - maxia :

IN

IMITATION

OF

WILTON.

BY A GENTLEMAN OF OXFORD.

orient Montes nascetur ridiculus Mus.

Horat. de Art. Poet.

L O N D O N,

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T A F F Y's *Triumph* :

I N

I M I T A T I O N

O F

M I L T O N

----- Sing, Heav'nly Muse,

THE *Cambro-Britain*, whose prolifick Brain
 First form'd an Engine, to the Jovial *Mice*
 Ill-boding, menacing Destruction dire.
 And thou, all pow'rful *Phæbus*, deign to aid
 Her Flight audacious: erst (as Poets sing)
 Thou once protest thy self to *Mice* a Foe
 Dreadful, Implacable; nor scorn to own
 Some lofty *Cambrian* Mount, which lifts its Head
 High as *Parnassus*, but from thence dart down
 Thy Influence, while she pursues her Theme
 Tho' trivial, in sublime *Miltonick* Verse.

To Plunder, and to Rapine giv'n, A *Mouse*,
 Horrible Monster! wander'd from Dish to Dish,
 And knew no Danger; for she knew no Gin,

Lor

Long exercis'd the fly Mercurial Art
 Unpunish'd, uncontroul'd, nor left untouch't
 Brown Bread, or white, or Milk, or Bacon rough,
 Or Flagrant Cheese, delicious in Decay.
 And tho' unwelcome, came a constant Guest
 Daring, Audacious, nor wou'd bear Repulse.
 In vain with Walls, and Bars, and folded Doors,
 They strove to stop his Entrance ; for with Teeth
 As Razors keen, he'd knaw his Passage thro',
 And tast of Food, delicious without Cost.

But whilst this Pest malevolent spread o're
 The gloomy Face of this Terrestrial Globe,
 In thee, O *Cambria*, chief she tyraniz'd.
 For Cheese, thy choicest Product, tempting smells
 And odorous; which the *Mice* meer *Epicures*,
 Not as all other Viands only taste,
 Or lightly nibble, curious, delicate,
 Dainty, not liking, but with greedy Eyes,
 And greedier Teeth, voracious, from the Morn
 To Even, excavate the solid Mass,
 And 'midst their Eatables prepare their Dome.

At this, the *Cambro-Britains* vex't, with Fury burn
 And Indignation: Madness, and deep Revenge
 Tear

Tear their swol'n Breasts: Their Eye-Balls fiery red
 Appear with glowing Vengeance, and Despair.
 They fret, they fume, from Cliff to Cliff they rove,
 Wand'ring, Impatient: For these Passions, *Hate*,
Malice, and *Discord*, naturally shake
 Their State of Mind: For *Reason* never rules,
 But sensual Appetite claims constant Sway.
 Thus prompted by their Rage, they doom their Foe,
 With One Consent to Punishment condign;
 But by what Means to apprehend this Foe,
 And put in Execution their Design,
 They know not, dubious; for *Grimalkin* stern
 But trivial Aid (if any) cou'd afford.
 Vain were her Ambuscades, her narrow Watch,
 And fly, and subtle Motions tow'rd the Mouth
 Of the small Concave Dome; the Mouse secure,
 Fearless within the Narrow Compass lyes,
 Nor dreads her Hostile Paws, greater than she
 By being less; if haply he espies
 His *watchful Guardian*, at his Narrow Port,
 He soon skulks in, and thro' the Dark Recess
 Runs winding, to *Grimalkin's* bulky, Paths
 Unpassable, Impervious, yet nor dares
 To peep abroad, or new Excursions make;

'Till his dire Enemy removes her Camp,
And Danger with her Person disappears.

Thus whilome *Cambria* (Pardon the Compare)
Eaffled Victorious *Cesar*, when to his Arms
Invincible, *Britannia* yielded, and
Contest him Lord Supream, him Homage paid.
For thus each *Cambre-Britain* strait repair'd
To craggy Hill, or lofty Mountain, safe Retreat,
Impregnable by Nature, not by Art.

Thus in the Concave Cliffs, they skulk'd, they hid,
Midst of destructive Ruine, safe, secure,
And tho' of Conquering thoughtless, yet disdain'd
To be O'recome, nor were, tho' fled, O'recome.
At this puffed up, their Genealogies
In Length prodigious they produce, and boast
Their Land unconquer'd, and their Tongue antique,

Thus when the *Mouse* long Time *Grimalkin* scap'd,
Watchful, Death menacing, and no Relief
Nor Consolation from her Care was found,
Two Heralds by the Nation's strict Command
With awful Ceremony, and with Trumpets Sound
Proclaim a Council, forthwith to be held,
In the remotest Part of all their Land,
Where now *St. David's* (once in high Renown)

Her Title to a Bishoprick deplores
 Deficient, Shadow of what once she was.
 The Summons heard, the Senate hither came,
 With Hundreds, and with Thousands on their Way
 Attended, who with sulph'rous Scent the Place perfum'd.

When strait a Senator with Conick Beard,
 In Length prodigious, Philosophick, and
 With Hands by foul Disease scab'd o're, all rough,
 To Sight ungrateful ; stammering in his Speech,
 'Midst of the *Grand Audience* thus began:

“ 'Tisn't 'cause Open War, or Foreign Pow'r
 “ Infests us, that we're here in *Council* met ;
 “ But what's more dangerous, a *Domestick Foe*.
 “ Shall then, my Friends, my Country-men, shall then
 “ A Haughty, Insolent *Mouse* the *Tyrant* play,
 “ For ever unoppos'd to *Cambria's* Shame,
 “ And constant Obloquy ? let us, on whom
 “ Our Country's *Future Woe* or *Bliss* depends,
 “ With *Force United*, and with Arms essay
 “ To distenthroned this proud Usurper, and
 “ Compose our *present Evils* ; then while the Name
 “ Of Great *Cadwallader* on *Cambrian Hills*
 “ In Lays Harmonious is sung, or pip'd,
 “ Shall this Day's Work be trumpeted by *Fame*.

He ended frowning, and before their Eyes
Producing various Fragments, the Remains
Of an *Old Mouldy Cheese*, the *Mouse* had eat,
Added new Fuel to their Flame ; and now
Desire of quick Revenge, and pleasing Praile,
Move 'em alternately ; each do's devise
Unheard of Torments, of all Terms of Peace
Thoughtless, shou'd Terms of Peace be sought.

But one Yclyped *Taffy* soon up rose,
Great *Cambria's* Chiefest Pride, who seem'd alone
For Dignity compos'd, and high Exploit ;
Both *Vulcan*, and a *Senator*, whose Tongue
Dropp'ing down *Manna*, charming to the Ear,
With soft, perswasive Accent thus began.

" If *Cheese*, most Noble Peers, our Nation's Boast,
" Shou'd be by this intestine Foe destroy'd,
" I dread the Consequence ; the poorer Sort
" Inevitably must One Meal forgo,
" And you One Course (Afflictions great,
" Which *O Ye Gods* avert !) here paus'd ;
" For Grief had stop't the Organs of his Speech ;
" But soon recover'd, his Discourse renew'd,

" Since

“ Since therefore, nor the Dint of *Cambrian* Arms,
“ Nor sharp *Grimalkin*’s Paws avail, I’ll try
“ What my right Hand, my Art can do, t’ expel
“ *Mine*, and to me, what’s more, *my Country*’s Foe.

He scarce had finish’d, when such Murmur fill’d
The Crowd, as when the Woods and Rocks retain
The Sound of blust’ring *Boreas*: Such *Applause*
Was heard as *Taffy* ended; all demand
To know this New Invention, *Instrument*
Of promis’d Joy to Them, to Mice of Woe.

Taffy sometime deliberating, sat
Scratching his *Pericranium*; (Custom old
Approv’d Expedient, when in pensive Mood
The *Cambro-Britain* sits, and deep in Thought)
Smiling Majestick, full as *Delphian* Priest,
To all the *Peers* on either Hand thus spake.

“ Last Night, when tyr’d with *Work* and *Thought* I lay,
“ Couch’d on my Matted Bed, and gentle Sleep
“ With soft Oppression seiz’d my drows’d Sense,
“ A bold, presumptuous *Mouse*, by flagrant Scent
“ Of *Toasted Cheese* invited, strait approach’t
“ My Mouth wide-gaping, and with agile Leap

Rush’d

" Rush'd down my Throat impetuous, and within
 " Plund'ring my Magazine of all her Store;
 " Alarm'd, I suddenly awoke; mean while
 " The Mouse, conscious of Guilt, with equal Speed
 " Retir'd, and passing by those Hostile Guards,
 " Now watchful, was surpriz'd, betwixt their Points,
 " And left his Breath, with gushing Blood effus'd.
 " Thus then instructed, that our common Foe
 " Might be imprison'd, and his Pow'r restrain'd,
 " Thoughtful of what had happen'd, I resolv'd
 " T' exert my Skill *Vulcanian*, and compose,
 " As *Fancy* shou'd suggest, a murd'rous Trap.
 " O wond'rous! with what constant, stedd' Care,
 " Do's the right Hand of the dread Thund'rer *Jove*
 " Manage all Secrets! thus the silly Mouse,
 " Prime Cause of all our Misery and Woe,
 " To his own Ruine and Perdition sure,
 " First Remedy prescrib'd, with good Effect:
 " Nor scorn Instruction, tho' from one so mean,
 " 'Tis worthy Praise, to learn ev'n from a Foe.

He said, departing, all the Fav'ring Crowd
 With deafning Shouts return'd him loud Acclaim,
 Wishing him all Success, glate with Joy.

Th' *Assembly* thus broke up, each to his *Home*
 Repairs lithsome, and to his *Gods* relates
Taffy's Emprise: and whilst they invoke
 Their Aid, on his Behalf (*if Fame lye not*)
 With more then usual Mirth *Grimalkin* skip'd,
 Winding her Tail, it many a Wreath, careless,
 Unmindful of her *Food*, or by *Presage*,
 Or *Instinct*, thoughtful of far happier Days :

Taffy, mean Time, with busie Thought intent,
 On this great Work, by Divine *Pallas* Aid,
 Erects a *Mouse-Trap*, wondrous to behold.

Now fail me not, *O Muse*, who thee implore
 Submissively for Aid, while I describe
 This Artificial Fabrick, *Godlike Work*.

Its *Zenith*, and its *Nadir*, was compos'd
 Of Wood, form'd *Quadrate*, on each Side,
 A Row of strong, retentive *Wyre*; the *Dome*
 Stood (as it were) on various Pillars propt.
 The Treach'rous Entrance lay wide ope, to *Mice*
 Seemingly Hospitable, but o're Head
 The Door hung ticklish, Menacing or Death,
 Or strict Confinement, In the Midst there stood

A Column, rais'd up forky, on whose Top Who
 A Beam, Lath-like, lay cross, whose utmost Points Scen
 Stretch'd equal Distance both Ways: One depress'd, Mal
 The other do's the Door contiguous uplift. At
 Within, from the House-Top, a Wire hangs down Not
 Dangling, the Sport of ev'ry Wind, or Touch; Wri
 Whose lowest Part, crooked like Fish-Hook held And
 The Bait, sweet-scenting, and whose Topmost Point And
 Touch'd lightly the thin Beam, which when the *Mouse* Of
 Unwary, Nibbling, moves it, strait lets go, Taff
 Claps down the Door, and holds her Captive bound, Hig
 Thus all compos'd, and order'd, *Taffy* soon Tri
 Baits the deceitful Hook, and makes ev'n Food To
 Preservative of Life, the Means of Death, An
 But first to make it more delicious, and to Mice An
 More grateful, Odoriferous, toasts it well. Wi

Darknefs now rising, and from End to End
 Nights Hemisphere vieling th' *Horizon* round,
 And Timely Dew of Sleep with slumb'rous Weight
 Closing his Eye-lids, at his Head he fix't
 His Guardian Mouse-Trap, so secure, repos'd.

Mean Time the jovial Mice (a turbulent Rout)
 Dance up and down presumptuous, trusting
 To the dark Covert of th' Opacous Night.

When

When on a suddain their great Chieftain snuffs,
 scenting the Cheese, and under Planet born
 Malevolent, makes tow'ards the Hostile Trap.
 At first the Lattice barr'd his Way; enrag'd,
 Not able to endure so Base Repulse,
 Wrinkling his Nose, from Place to Place he hies,
 And by Sagacious Beard explores the Door.
 And now th' irremeable Threshold past, posselt
 Of what he wish'd, devours, the fatal Bait.
 Taffy the joyous Sound o're-hearing, which the Door
 High pendant, clapping down had made, arose
 Triumphant, and with winged Speed prepar'd,
 To welcome to his Trap his unknown Guest.
 And now th' imprison'd Mouse with Fury burns,
 And deep Despair; between the distant Bars,
 With Force impetuous, runs his Frantick Head:
 And with contracted Brow attacks the Wire,
 Implacable, and impotent to bear
 His mighty Grief; so when the greisly Boar
 Once sees himself beset, in Toils enclos'd,
 He whets his Tusks, he looks aghast, he frets,
 Erects his Hyde, and foaming churns the Ground.

Soon as to resalute the World with Light,
 Lucet hoe wak'd, and with fresh Dews embalm'd

Tha

The Earth ; the *Cambro-Britains* quit their Mounts,
All conscious of the News, with winged Speed.

For now the *Ass* his Gravity forgetting,
Wanton, lascivious as the *Goat*, ascends
The Mountains, on whose Tops he brays
Wide-gaping, imitating *Cambrian Herald*,
And thrice proclaims aloud Great *Taffy's* Name,
And to his Friends, high pleas'd, the *General Joy*.
Sounds Ominous, the *Owl* at Midnight, flying
Thro' ev'ry Town, with Beak uncomely bent,
Screams out, to *Mice* the Trump of doleful Doom.
The Hills brought forth, the *Cambro-Britains* flock'd
In Numbers numberless from ev'ry Place,
From *Pembrook*, *Merioneth*, and *Merlin's Walls*,
Glamorgan's fruitful Soil, and from the Banks
Of *Vaga's* lucid Stream, and from the Mount
Of *Gomer*. When in a Circular Form
The Crowd promiscuous stood, *Taffy* produc'd
His Captive, and insulting thus began.

“ In vain thou strugglest, thou by Fate art doom'd
“ My Victim : On my Altar shalt thou burn,
“ Thy Blood shall here be spilt, Memorial
“ Of our Nation's Joy. All Hopes are vain,
“ All Flight th' inexorable Door denies.

“ Th

" Thou shalt have Torments, equal to thy Crimes,
 " (If possible) ----- Not *Syſiphus's* Toil,
 " Not all *Ixion's* Pangs, when on the Wheel,
 " Dire Consequence of Tatling ; nor the Smart
 " *Prometheus* felt on *Caucasus* ; or huge
 " Gigantick *Tytius*, when with Thunder struck,
 " Shall stand in Competition with thy Woe.

He scarce had finish'd, when from Sunny Top
 Of that ſame Dome *Grimalkin* leap'd, where oft
 She lay, in lazy Mood stretch'd out at Length ;
 The Captive, ſpying his Foe advancing, ſtern,
 His Ears erects, his crooked Back humps up,
 Nor dares to make Excursion : Moſt ſecure
 In his once hated Priſon-Walls, he hugs
 His pleaſing Chains : 'till by main Strength of Arm,
 Oblig'd to quit his Hold, *Grimalkin's* Paws
 Salute him roughly, ſtruggling to eſcape.
 No Truce on any Terms is granted, ſhe her Joy
 By waving of her flexile Tail declares,
 And wanton Leap ; now on the Ground Supine,
 Sedulous ſhe eyes the *Mouse* ; now gently pats
 Her Neck, with her clench'd Claws pretending Love,
 While in her Heart ſhe meditates Revenge ;
 Thus triumphs barbarous, and the Tyrant plays.

Now

Now she with Sporting tyr'd, her inward Rage
 No more dissembling, whets her Fatal Teeth,
 And like a Lyon, falls upon her Prey,
 Grumbling, with *Hunger* pinch't, and *Limb* from *Limb*
 Divides, obdurate, merciless the trembling *Mouse*.

Whilst now the joyous *Populace* behold
 The wish'd for End of their Intestine Foe,
 With lowd Acclaim they rend the Vaulted Skies,
 And *Eccho*, speechless but when others speak,
 Catching their Voice, well pleas'd, returns the Sound:
Plinlimmon's Hills, and *Snowdon's* lofty Mounts
 And *Brechin's*, and the Ditch of *Offa*, joyn
 In *Chorus*, to compleat the General Joy.

Thou *Taffy*, shalt for ever live, thy Name,
 Thy Genius all excelling, on Record shall stand.
 Ev'n now each *Cambro-Britain*, solemnly
 One Day in the Revolving Year observes,
 Of Thee Memorial, and thy Great Exploits ;
 And in their Country's Honour, Crown their Brows,
 With Odoriferous, Never-fading *LEAK*.

F I N I S.

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